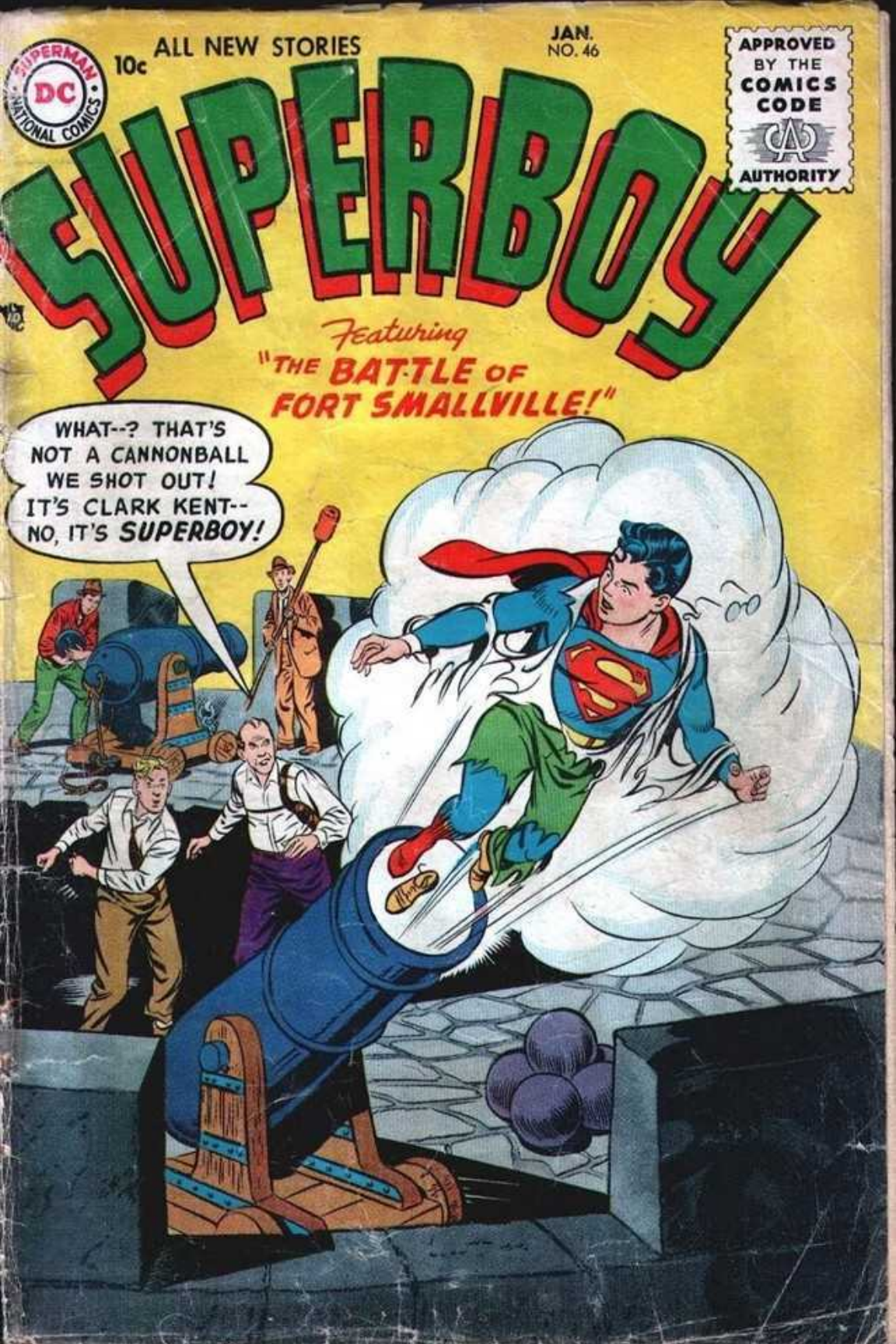
ALL NEW STORIES
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JAN.
NO. 46
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
SUPERBOY
Featuring
"THE BATTLE OF FORT SMALLVILLE!"
WHAT--? THAT'S NOT A CANNONBALL WE SHOT OUT! IT'S CLARK KENT--NO, IT'S SUPERBOY!

SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
WAS HE A GENIUS OR JUST A YOUNG "CRACKPOT"? DID HE INVESTIGATE PROBLEMS CAUTIOUSLY--THE WAY EVERY SCIENTIST SHOULD--OR DID HE SIMPLY JUMP TO CARELESS CONCLUSIONS? THESE WERE QUESTIONS THAT SUPERBOY HAD TO ANSWER, ONE DAY, WHEN HE WAS FORCED TO RELY FOR HELP ON...
THE BOY WIZARD
DAM EXPLODING, SUPERBOY! TELESCOPE FOCUS, 11 MILES... SOUND RANGE READING, DUE SOUTHWEST!
I--I HOPE YOU'RE NOT SENDING ME OFF AN ANOTHER WILD-GOOSE CHASE, TOMMY!
ONE EVENING, AS YOUNG CLARK KENT STROLLS THROUGH SMALLVILLE...
YAY-Y-Y-Y! I DISCOVERED A NEW COMET!
THAT'S TOMMY WRIGHT--WHOM FOLKS CALL THE "BOY WIZARD"! HE BUILT HIS OWN HOME-MADE TELESCOPE AND REVOLVING DOME, UP ON THIS HILL!
INSIDE THE DOME, MOMENTS LATER...
TAKE A LOOK AT WRIGHT-1955 CLARK! YOU SEE, A NEW COMET IS ALWAYS NAMED AFTER ITS DISCOVERER, EVEN IF HE'S AN AMATEUR LIKE ME!

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I REALLY BUILT MY TELESCOPE TO WIN A COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP AND BECOME A SCIENTIST! I'LL NOTIFY THE SMALLVILLE OBSERVATORY TO CONFIRM MY COMET AND...
WAIT, TOMMY!
SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS to YOUTHS WITH SCIENTIFIC ABILITY
THROUGH THE TELESCOPE, CLARK HAS NOTICED SOMETHING OMINOUS...
THAT COMET IS EXCEPTIONALLY BRILLIANT! IN FACT, PASSING NEAR EARTH, ITS BLINDING GLARE MAY DAMAGE PEOPLE'S EYES!
GOSH, YOU'RE RIGHT! IT--IT IS DANGEROUS!
I'M AFRAID YOUR NEW COMET HAS TO BE DESTROYED--BY SUPERBOY! I'LL SEE IF I CAN...ER... FIND HIM!
CLARK DOESN'T HAVE TO "SEARCH" FAR--FOR ONCE OUTSIDE, A SWIFT CHANGE OF GARB...
...AND HE HIMSELF BECOMES SUPERBOY, THE BOY OF STEEL!
I'LL MEET THE COMET FAR OUT IN SPACE, WHERE SMASHING IT CAN'T POSSIBLY HARM ANYONE!
WITHIN SECONDS, MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY...
WOW! THE EXPLOSION WAS TEN TIMES AS BRIGHT AS THE SUN... AND THAT'S THE LOUDEST SOUND I EVER HEARD!
EVEN SUPERBOY FEELS THE POWERFUL AFTER-EFFECTS WHEN HE RETURNS TO EARTH...
JEEPERS! I--I SEE SPOTS BEFORE MY EYES... AND MY EARS ARE RINGING! THIS HAS AFFECTED MY SIGHT AND HEARING BADLY, I'M AFRAID!

SUPER! A PAIR OF TROUBLED BOYS WHO SOON BID EACH OTHER GOODNIGHT...
JUST WHEN I DISCOVER A NEW COMET, IT HAS TO BE DESTROYED AS A MENACE! THAT COULD'VE WON ME THE SCHOLARSHIP, TOO!
AND I'VE TEMPORARILY LOST MY TELESCOPIC VISION AND SUPER-HEARING! I--I HOPE THEY RETURN BY TOMORROW!
BUT NEXT MORNING...
MY SUPER-SIGHT AND SUPER-HEARING ARE STILL GONE, TOMMY! IF THIS CONDITION LASTS ALL DAY, HOW CAN I SPOT ANY DISTANT EMERGENCIES THAT MAY ARISE?
HEY, I'VE GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA HOW I CAN HELP YOU, SUPERBOY!
THE TEEN-AGE INVENTOR EXPLAINS HIS EXCITING PLAN...
SEE?... WITH MY MOTORIZED DOME GOING IN A COMPLETE CIRCLE, I CAN AIM MY TELESCOPE HORIZONTALLY AND VIEW THE TERRITORY FOR MILES AROUND!
THIS LONG-RANGE SOUND DETECTOR CAN EASILY PICK UP DISTANT NOISES--LIKE THAT PLANE MOTOR, 25 MILES AWAY!
WORK SHOP
RRRRRR
GREAT, TOMMY! YOU CAN BE MY "SUPER EARS AND EYES" FOR TODAY! I'LL DEPEND ON YOU TO SPOT ANY OUT-OF-TOWN DANGERS!
WHEN I DO, WATCH FOR MY SPECIAL SIGNALS, SUPERBOY!
AND NOT LONG AFTER TOMMY BEGINS HIS SUPER-WATCH...
HELPING SUPERBOY WITH MY SCIENTIFIC DEVICES CAN STILL EARN ME THAT SCHOLARSHIP AND... HEY! A PLANE OUT OF CONTROL--7 MILES NORTH!

ANOTHER INGENIOUS DEVICE OF THE BOY WIZARD GOES INTO ACTION...
MY "MECHANICAL SMOKE RINGS" ARE PUFFING HIGH IN THE AIR OVER TOWN! SUPERBOY CAN'T POSSIBLY MISS THIS SIGNAL!
SURE ENOUGH, WITH HIS EVERY
UNCHANGED, CLARK KENT EASIL
THE CALL-SIGN...
THAT MUST MEAN TROUBLE OUT-OF-TOWN, WHICH I'D ORDINARILY DETECT MYSELF WITH TELESCOPIC VISION!
RADIO REPAIR
SHORT MOMENTS AFTER PICKING UP THE INFORMATION FROM TOMMY, SUPERBOY AVERTS CERTAIN DISASTER...
LOOK! SUPERBOY GAVE OUR LEFT PROP A SUPER-SPIN, TO TURN US OUT OF THAT STRONG DOWNDRAFT WE HIT! WE CAN CONTINUE SAFELY OURSELVES NOW!
UPON RETURNING TO HIS PROUD BOY AIDE...
GOOD JOB, TOMMY! WITH YOU PINCH-HITTING FOR MY MISSING POWERS I'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE ANY FAR-OFF EMERGENCY!
I'LL KEEP SPOTTING THEM, SUPERBOY-- DON'T WORRY!
LESS THAN AN HOUR ELAPSES BEFORE TOMMY AGAIN FOCUSES ON DISTANT DANGER...
I SAW A BIG BOAT SINKING AT A LAKE, NINE MILES WEST! THIS TIME, MY "GUIDED MISSILE ARROW" WILL LEAD HIM STRAIGHT THERE, AT SUPERSONIC SPEED!

SUPERBOY FOLLOWS THE AMAZING ROCKET ARROW, TILL FINALLY...

HOPE I CAN SAVE THESE DROWNING CREWMEN! FUNNY, THOUGH... WHAT'S A WARSHIP DOING ON THIS LAKE?

THE ANSWER PROVES A SUPER-EMBARRASSING SURPRISE TO THE BOY OF STEEL...

HEY... WHAT'S THE IDEA OF RUINING OUR BIG TORPEDOING SCENE, SUPERBOY?

OMIGOSH! A--A MOVIE CREW ON LOCATION HERE... AND ONLY DUMMIES ABOARD SHIP! LOOKS LIKE TOMMY AND I GOOFED THIS TIME!

IT'LL TAKE US ALL DAY TO REPAIR THE SHIP FOR A RE-TAKE!

NO IT WON'T! I'LL REPAIR THE SHIP AND MY BLUNDER BOTH!

MINUTES LATER... WOW! WITH SUPERBOY AS A "SUPER-TORPEDO", THAT'S A BETTER SCENE THAN BEFORE!

AFTERWARD, WHEN SUPERBOY EXPLAINS THE ERROR TO TOMMY...

GEE, I--I'M SORRY I SENT YOU ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE, SUPERBOY! I SHOULD HAVE CHECKED IT MORE CAREFULLY!

WELL, JUST BE SURE IT'S NOT A FALSE ALARM NEXT TIME!

FAITHFULLY, TOMMY MANS HIS EQUIPMENT--TILL HIS "SUPER-EAR" SUDDENLY DETECTS...

BLAM

AN EXPLOSION! ACCORDING TO MY DIAL, IT'S 18 MILES SOUTHWEST! WHY, THAT'S EXACTLY WHERE THE BOLTON DAM IS! MY TELESCOPE CAN'T SEE IT BEYOND THE SURROUNDING HILLS-- BUT HOW CAN A DAM BLOWING UP BE ANY FALSE ALARM?

RRR-R-R-R-R-R

I'LL SHOOT OFF MY SIGNAL FIRECRACKERS, TIMED TO EXPLODE LOUDLY IN MORSE CODE! WITH HIS NORMAL HEARING, SUPERBOY WILL PICK UP THE SOUNDS HERE IN TOWN!
POP POP POP POP POP POP POP
AND AS THE BOY OF STEEL RESPONDS AT SUPER-SPEED...
IT'S REAL TROUBLE THIS TIME! FIRST I'LL STOP THE FLOOD, THEN FIND OUT WHO OR WHAT WRECKED THIS DAM! I'M GLAD THIS WAS NO WILD-GOOSE CHASE, TOO!
POOR SUPERBOY-- CAN YOU STAND ANOTHER SHOCK?...
HOLD IT, SUPERBOY! YOU'RE INTERFERING WITH OUR WRECKING JOB! WE'VE JUST COMPLETED THE NEW DAM DOWNRIVER!
JEEPERS! IS MY FACE...ER...SUPER-RED!
OBSOLETE DAM CONDEMNED!
SUPER-POWERS QUICKLY RECTIFY THE MISTAKE...
STAND BACK, MEN, WHILE I USE THIS GIANT SLEDGE-HAMMER I MADE!
A ONE-BOY WRECKING CREW! WHAT WOULD TAKE US 12 HOURS, HE DOES IN 12 SECONDS!
LATER, UPON RETURNING TO HIS WOULD-BE HELPER...
ANOTHER FALSE ALARM, TOMMY... TOUGH LUCK!
IT'S NOT TOUGH LUCK, IT'S ME! I FLUBBED AGAIN!
:CHOKE: I'M SO ANXIOUS TO HELP SUPERBOY :SOB: THAT I'M READING DANGER INTO EVERY-THING! I--I'LL NEVER WIN MY SCHOLARSHIP THIS WAY!
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AND LATER, TOMMY HARDLY TRUSTS HIS OWN JUDGMENT WHEN...
A FLAMING METEOR STRIKING AMONG SOME TREES... I THINK! IS THAT A CURL OF SMOKE?... IS A FOREST FIRE STARTING?
SWIFTLY, HE RACES TO THE SCENE...
SUPERBOY WOULDN'T FORGIVE ME IF I MADE A FOOL OF HIM AGAIN! THIS TIME, I'LL CHECK IT MYSELF, ON MY FAST JET BIKE! WHO KNOWS?...MAYBE ALL I SAW WAS SOMEBODY'S CAMPFIRE SMOKE!

WHEN HE REACHES THE SMOKING SITE, HOWEVER...
GOLLY-- A REAL FOREST FIRE, STARTED BY THE FLAMING METEOR! BUT BY THE TIME I RIDE BACK TO WARN SUPERBOY, IT MIGHT SPREAD! MAYBE I CAN STOP IT MYSELF!
SUDDENLY, AS A GUST OF WIND WHIPS UP FLAMES IN BACK OF THE BRAVE LAD...
I--I'M TRAPPED! WITHOUT TELESCOPIC VISION OR SUPER-HEARING TO GUIDE HIM, SUPERBOY CAN'T DETECT MY DANGER AT ALL! WHAT'LL I DO?

QUICK-WITTEDLY, TOMMY CLIMBS AN UNBURNED TREE...
THERE'S ONE CHANCE... INFRA-RED HEAT WAVES CAN BE REFLECTED, JUST LIKE LIGHT RAYS! WITH MY SHINY JET MOTOR, I'LL TRY TO SEND A CONCENTRATED HEAT-BEAM TO SUPERBOY IN SMALLVILLE!
AND THE STUNT WORKS!... AS SUPERBOY DETECTS THE CLEVER "SIGNAL" WITH HIS SUPER-SENSE OF FEELING!
HMM... MY SKIN FEELS HEAT FROM FAR OFF TO THE EAST! IT COULD BE A RAGING FOREST FIRE... I'LL BE THERE IN A FLASH!

AN INSTANT LATER...
TOMMY--YOU HERE? WHY DIDN'T YOU SIGNAL ME BEFORE?
I WAS AFRAID IT MIGHT BE ANOTHER FALSE ALARM, SUPERBOY... BUT NOW YOU CAN SAVE VALUABLE TIMBER FROM BURNING!
AFTER GATHERING UP SOME NEARBY SCRAP METAL...
THIS IS QUICKER THAN FLYING AROUND TO BLOW OUT A PATCH AT A TIME! ONE MIGHTY PUFF OF SUPER-BREATH FROM THIS WIDE HORN SNUFFS IT ALL OUT LIKE A CANDLE!
WHOOF!
THUS, TOMMY FINALLY EARNS THE SUPER-PRAISE HE DESERVES...
DESPITE TWO MINOR MISTAKES, TOMMY, YOU SERVED SUPERBLY AS MY "SUPER-EYES AND EARS" TODAY!
THANKS, SUPERBOY... I JUST HOPE THIS WINS ME A SCHOLARSHIP SO I CAN MAKE SCIENTIFIC WORK MY LIFE'S CAREER!
AND SO THE DAY FINALLY ENDS HAPPILY--FOR TWO BOYS...
YAYY!
BOY WIZARD WINS SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIP ON SUPERBO RECOMMEN
TOMMY'S NO HAPPIER THAN I AM, WITH MY TELESCOPIC VISION AND SUPER-HEARING BACK, AT LAST! I ALMOST FELT BLIND AND DEAF WITHOUT THEM!
THE END

To the Boys and Girls of America--
THIS FAMOUS SYMBOL IS YOUR
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN COMICS READING

SUPERBOY

The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY

ALWAYS AIDING OTHERS IN NEED, **SUPERBOY** ONE DAY OFFERS HELP TO HIS NEIGHBORS, PROFESSOR LANG AND LANA! BUT THE SUPER SAMARITAN IS BAFFLED TO FIND HIS GENEROSITY REWARDED WITH PETTY JOBS THAT WASTE HIS TIME! WHY WOULD GOOD FRIENDS TURN AGAINST THE BOY OF STEEL, MAKING HIM PERFORM TRIFLING CHORES? A SURPRISING MYSTERY WILL UNFOLD AS YOU WATCH **SUPERBOY** CARRY OUT--

THE SILLIEST JOBS IN THE WORLD

HURRY UP UNTANGLING LANA'S YARN, **SUPERBOY**! I NEED YOU TO COUNT THESE SAND GRAINS, ONE BY ONE! HA, HA!

JEEPERS! EACH JOB THEY'VE GIVEN ME IS MORE SENSELESS THAN THE ONE BEFORE!

ONE DAY IN SMALLVILLE, AS LANA LANG ANSWERS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR...

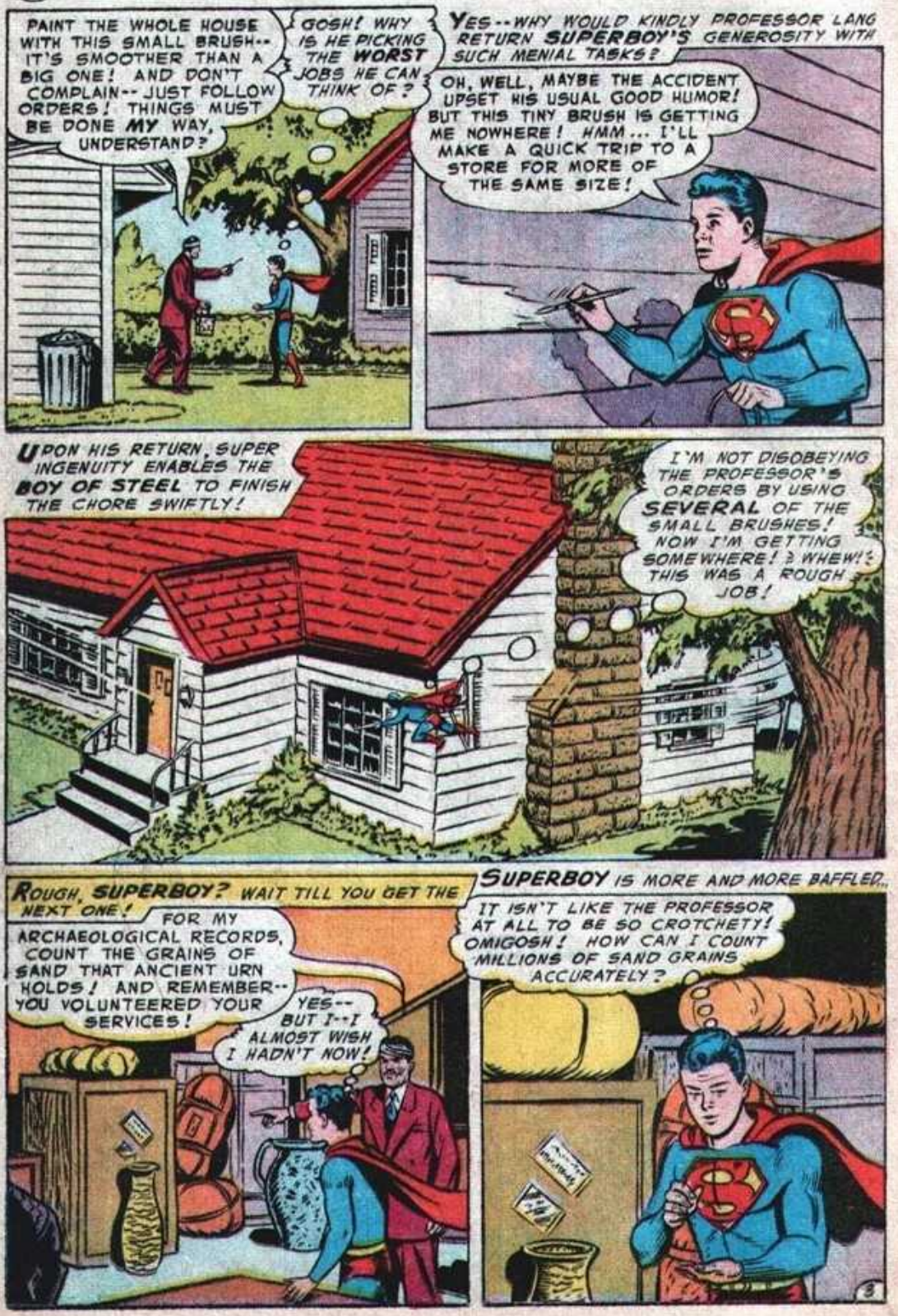
WHY--IT'S **SUPERBOY**!?? CAN WE HELP YOU?

NO, LANA--BUT MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU AND YOUR FATHER! I HEARD ABOUT THE AUTO ACCIDENT YOUR PARENTS HAD THIS MORNING!

HOW DID IT HAPPEN, PROFESSOR LANG?

SOME WILD DRIVER RAN INTO OUR CAR! I SUFFERED ONLY A FEW BRUISES, BUT MRS. LANG HAS TO STAY IN THE HOSPITAL OVERNIGHT!

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE, PROFESSOR-- TO OFFER MY SERVICES WHILE MRS. LANG IS AWAY AND YOU'RE RECUPERATING!
THANKS, SUPERBOY, BUT... UH... YOU HAVE YOUR OWN IMPORTANT WORK! WE CAN'T ACCEPT YOUR GENEROUS OFFER!
BUT SUPERBOY REFUSES TO TAKE "NO" FOR AN ANSWER FROM HIS OLD FRIENDS...
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW USEFUL I CAN BE. FIRST, I'LL DO THE DISHES AT SUPER-SPEED! LET ME STAY HERE AND I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY ALL DAY!
ANYTHING? HMM... ALL RIGHT, SUPERBOY, IF YOU INSIST. BUT REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE! I MAY HOLD YOU TO IT!
IT HAPPENS THAT I HAVE PLENTY OF ODD JOBS TO BE DONE! FIRST, STRAIGHTEN OUT THOSE BENT NAILS! I NEVER WASTE ANYTHING, YOU SEE!
GOSH, WHAT A TRIVIAL JOB! BUT I GUESS I ASKED FOR IT!
IT'S TOO SLOW STRAIGHTENING THEM ONE BY ONE! I'LL MELT THEM INTO ONE LUMP IN THE FURNACE, USING MY SUPER-BREATH AS A BLAST TO CREATE HIGH HEAT!
NOW, DRAWING THE HEATED METAL INTO A BALL, I'LL BITE OUT NEW NAILS!
ONLY MOMENTS LATER, SUPERBOY REPORTS BACK TO LANG...
WHAT'S THE NEXT JOB, PROFESSOR? CAN I HELP YOU FIND SOMETHING?
ER... NO, SUPERBOY-- I JUST MISLAID SOMETHING AMONG MY ARCHAEOLOGICAL SPECIMENS! BUT I HAVE ANOTHER TASK FOR YOU OUTSIDE!
2


PAINT THE WHOLE HOUSE WITH THIS SMALL BRUSH-- IT'S SMOOTHER THAN A BIG ONE! AND DON'T COMPLAIN-- JUST FOLLOW ORDERS! THINGS MUST BE DONE MY WAY, UNDERSTAND?
GOSH! WHY IS HE PICKING THE WORST JOBS HE CAN THINK OF?
YES--WHY WOULD KINDLY PROFESSOR LANG RETURN SUPERBOY'S GENEROSITY WITH SUCH MENIAL TASKS?
OH, WELL, MAYBE THE ACCIDENT UPSET HIS USUAL GOOD HUMOR! BUT THIS TINY BRUSH IS GETTING ME NOWHERE! HMM... I'LL MAKE A QUICK TRIP TO A STORE FOR MORE OF THE SAME SIZE!
UPON HIS RETURN, SUPER INGENUITY ENABLES THE BOY OF STEEL TO FINISH THE CHORE SWIFTLY!
I'M NOT DISOBEYING THE PROFESSOR'S ORDERS BY USING SEVERAL OF THE SMALL BRUSHES! NOW I'M GETTING SOMEWHERE! WHEW! THIS WAS A ROUGH JOB!
ROUGH, SUPERBOY? WAIT TILL YOU GET THE NEXT ONE! FOR MY ARCHAEOLOGICAL RECORDS, COUNT THE GRAINS OF SAND THAT ANCIENT URN HOLDS! AND REMEMBER-- YOU VOLUNTEERED YOUR SERVICES!
YES-- BUT I--I ALMOST WISH I HADN'T NOW!
SUPERBOY IS MORE AND MORE BAFFLED...
IT ISN'T LIKE THE PROFESSOR AT ALL TO BE SO CROTCHETY! OMIGOSH! HOW CAN I COUNT MILLIONS OF SAND GRAINS ACCURATELY?
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BUT AGAIN, ONE OF SUPERBOY'S UNIQUE POWERS AIDS HIM!
I'LL DRIBBLE A HANDFUL AT A TIME IN A THIN STREAM PAST MY EYES, USING MICROSCOPIC VISION TO SEE EACH INDIVIDUAL GRAIN CLEARLY! 1-2-3-4-!
EVEN LANA WONDERS AT HER FATHER'S DIFFICULT TASKS...
7,678,554! - 7,678,555! - 7,678,556!...
POOR SUPERBOY! I'LL SPEAK TO DAD ABOUT THIS-- IT ISN'T RIGHT TO MAKE HIM DO SUCH RIDICULOUS THINGS!
JEEPERS, DAD! SUPERBOY WAS KIND TO OFFER HIS HELP! IN RETURN, YOU'RE MAKING HIM FEEL FOOLISH BY DOING SILLY JOBS. HE'LL GET DISGUSTED SOON AND QUIT,
PROMISE OR NO PROMISE!
EXACTLY, LANA! THAT'S MY WHOLE IDEA!
DON'T YOU SEE, CHILD? SINCE SUPERBOY INSISTED ON STAYING, ALL WE CAN DO IS DISCOURAGE HIM SO THAT HE QUITS! HIS POWERS ARE FAR TOO VALUABLE FOR US TO WASTE THEM IN OUR HOUSEHOLD. HE MUST LEAVE-- FOR HIS OWN GOOD!
WONDERFUL, DADDY! YOU WERE BEING UNSELFISH ALL THE TIME-- NOT MEAN! I'LL HELP CARRY OUT YOUR PLAN! LET ME SEE... WHAT HORRID TASKS CAN I THINK UP FOR SUPERBOY?
OH, SUPERBOY! DAD SAYS I CAN USE YOUR HELP NOW!
ANYTHING YOU SAY, LANA!
WHAT A RELIEF! LANA WON'T PUT ME THROUGH THE MILL, LIKE HER FATHER DID!
GUESS AGAIN, SUPERBOY!
USE THIS OLD YARN AND MAKE ME A NICE BIG QUILT! HAVE FUN, SUPERBOY!
OMIGOSH! SHE'S WORSE THAN HER DAD!
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BUT NO MATTER HOW BADLY BOTH OF THEM TREAT ME, I'M GOING TO STICK IT OUT! PROFESSOR LANG MAY NOT BE UPSET BY THE ACCIDENT AS I FIRST THOUGHT! THERE IS **ANOTHER** POSSIBLE REASON WHY HE PULLED THIS ON ME--I MUST FIND OUT THE TRUTH!

WHAT DOES **SUPERBOY** MEAN?

NOW FOR LANA'S JOB! WITH YARN STRUNG FROM FLOOR TO CEILING, I'LL BE A HUMAN "SHUTTLE"--AS IN A LOOM! AT FLYING SPEED, IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO WEAVE HER QUILT!

AFTERWARDS, LANA DELIBERATELY WASTES SUPERBOY'S TIME WITH OTHER SILLY HOUSEHOLD CHORES...

POLISH IT ALL **TEN TIMES, SUPERBOY!**

I'LL BEAT THESE RUGS A MILE HIGH, SO THE DUST WON'T SETTLE ON OTHERS!

WASH ALL THOSE WINDOWS!

HOW ARE YOU DOING, MY BOY? IF LANA RUNS OUT OF JOBS, JUST COME TO ME! HA, HA!

WAIT...SOMETHING STRIKES ME AS ODD ABOUT THE PROFESSOR--WOW! NOW I SEE! THAT CONFIRMS MY SUSPICIONS!

CAN YOU GUESS WHAT CLUE SUPERBOY HAS STUMBLED ON?

AT LANA'S NEXT TASK...

SUPERBOY! GLUE THAT BROKEN RECORD TOGETHER--IT'S MY FAVORITE CROONER!

NO, I'VE HAD ENOUGH--I QUIT!

I MUST LEAVE NOW, THEN SNEAK BACK TO SOLVE THE WHOLE MYSTERY!

AH, OUR PLAN WORKED--SUPERBOY WON'T WASTE HIS VALUABLE TIME WITH US! BUT GOLLY! WHY IS--IS DAD STOPPING HIM NOW?
NO, YOU CAN'T QUIT, SUPERBOY! A BARGAIN'S A BARGAIN, YOU KNOW! YOU PROMISED TO HELP US ALL DAY!
I ORDER YOU TO PICK ALL THE WEEDS OUT OF THE LAWN BY HAND--EVERY LAST ONE! AND NO BACK TALK!
Y-YES, SIR! SINCE YOU'RE HOLDING ME TO MY PROMISE, I--I CAN'T LEAVE!

BUT LANA IS COMPLETELY CONFUSED...
GOSH, DAD--THE WHOLE IDEA WAS TO MAKE HIM QUIT! WHY CHANGE YOUR MIND? I'LL GO TELL SUPERBOY HE'S FREE...
STAY HERE, YOU LITTLE FOOL, OR YOU'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING!

LANA GETS A SUPER SHOCK!
EEK! A-A GUN! THEN YOU CAN'T BE MY FATHER! YOU'RE...GULP!... AN IMPOSTOR!
RIGHT, SISTER! I'M "SLICK" WILSON, ALMOST A PERFECT DOUBLE OF YOUR FATHER--SO THAT A FEW BANDAGES ON MY FACE FOOLED EVEN YOU!

YOU WON'T YELL TO SUPERBOY, OUTSIDE! YOU SEE, MY PALS PURPOSELY RAMMED YOUR PARENTS' CAR! AFTER YOUR MOTHER WENT TO THE HOSPITAL, I SWITCHED PLACES WITH YOUR FATHER--WHILE MY BOYS TOOK HIM TO OUR HIDEOUT, A PRISONER!

THEN I CAME HERE TO SEARCH FOR A VALUABLE ITEM LANG BROUGHT HOME FROM HIS LAST EXPEDITION TO EGYPT--AN ANCIENT EMERALD MASK, WORTH PLENTY!
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SO YOU CAN SEE NOW WHY I TRIED TO GET RID OF THAT SNOOPING SUPERBOY AT FIRST. I WAS AFRAID HE'D INTERRUPT MY SEARCH!
BUT I CHANGED MY PLANS! SUPERBOY CAN HELP ME FIND THE EMERALD MASK-- WITH HIS X-RAY EYES! GET IT? AND HE'S STILL FOOLED INTO THINKING I'M LANG! HA, HA!
BUT SUPERBOY ISN'T FOOLED AT ALL...
HE'S NOT LANG, BUT AN IMPOSTOR! THE TRIVIAL TASKS HE ORDERED ME TO DO FIRST TIPPED ME OFF THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG! THEN I GOT THE FINAL PROOF A MOMENT AGO! BUT I CAN'T EXPOSE HIM TILL I FIND OUT JUST WHY HE TOOK LANG'S PLACE!
MEANWHILE, "SLICK" WILSON PLANS TO TRICK SUPERBOY...
I'LL PRETEND I'M MAKING A RECORD OF ALL THIS JUNK. I'LL ASK SUPERBOY TO USE HIS X-RAY VISION TO SPOT THE CRATE IN WHICH THE EMERALD MASK IS HIDDEN. HE'LL SAVE ME MANY HOURS OF SEARCH!
INVENTORY OF EGYPTIAN SPECIMENS
MEANWHILE, LANA HAS BRAVELY WORKED FREE OF HER BONDS AND...
IF I YELL TO SUPERBOY OUTSIDE, THE CROOK MIGHT BE WARNED IN TIME TO ESCAPE! WAIT-- I'LL USE THIS MIRROR TO FLASH SUNLIGHT SIGNALS TO CLARK KENT, NEXT DOOR! LUCKY WE LEARNED MORSE CODE IN SCHOOL RECENTLY!
CLARK (SUPERBOY) KENT PICKS UP LANA'S MESSAGE-- IN A DIFFERENT WAY THAN SHE KNOWS!
THOSE FLASHES OF LIGHT FROM LANA'S HOUSE, ONTO MY WINDOW NEXT DOOR, ARE IN CODE! HMM... SO THAT'S IT!
S-O-S FROM LANA! IMPOSTOR SEEKS EMERALD MASK!
7

OH, SUPERBOY, I NEED YOUR HELP...ULPS!
YES, INTO JAIL, YOU IMPOSTOR! I'LL RELEASE LANA, THEN LOCATE THE EMERALD MASK, WHICH WILL PIN YOU DOWN RED-HANDED FOR ARREST!
AFTER LANA IS RELEASED, SUPERBOY USES HIS X-RAY VISION AND...
THE EMERALD MASK, LANA! EVIDENTLY YOUR DAD MEANT TO STUDY IT A FEW DAYS, BEFORE SENDING IT TO THE MUSEUM VAULT FOR SAFE-KEEPING! POSING AS LANG, WILSON NEARLY GOT AWAY WITH IT!
BUT--BUT WHAT GAVE ME AWAY?
YOUR BANDAGE! IT MUST HAVE SLIPPED OFF BEFORE--AND YOU PUT IT BACK WRONG--OVER THE RIGHT EYE INSTEAD OF THE LEFT! WHEN I NOTICED THAT, I WAS SURE YOU WERE A PHONY!
AFTER THE CRIMINAL REVEALS WHERE PROFESSOR LANG IS HELD PRISONER...
SUPERBOY! WE--WE GIVE UP!
HI, PROFESSOR! I SEE YOU WEREN'T SCRATCHED AT ALL IN THE ACCIDENT! WILSON CLEVERLY WORE BANDAGES SO LANA WOULDN'T GET A CLOSE LOOK AT HIS REAL FACE!
NEXT DAY, WHEN CLARK (SUPERBOY) KENT CALLS ON HIS NEIGHBORS...
MOM'S HOME AND ALL'S WELL! FOR SAVING THE EMERALD MASK, WE OWE OUR THANKS TO... YOU, CLARK KENT!
UH...ME, LANA? YOU MEAN... GULP! SUPERBOY, DON'T YOU?
NO, I MEAN YOU, CLARK! DIDN'T YOU TRANSMIT MY WARNING MESSAGE TO SUPERBOY--SO HE COULD FINALLY EXPOSE THE CROOK'S SCHEME?
OH, THAT! GLAD I... UH... COULD HELP!
JEEPERS! WHAT A SCARE! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT SHE HAD PINNED DOWN MY DOUBLE IDENTITY! WHEW!
THE END
3

BULLDOZERS BLITZ THE BLAZES

Now Machines Help Men who Brave
The Holocaust of Forest Fires

AT exactly 1:20 on a sultry August afternoon, lookout Bill Johnson spotted a thin wisp of smoke rising from Meadow Creek divide in Idaho's Clearwater white pine empire.

The smoke curled skyward from a ridge blanketed with heavy pine and cedar slash at its explosive worst. Earlier the loggers had taken the pines. Pole-cutters had removed the cedar. But the brush pilers hadn't yet cleared up the slash. And never in 50 years had the Idaho woods, source of three-quarters of the nation's white pine, been so dry.

Only the week before, Chief Fire Warden A. B. (Bert) Curtis and his lieutenants on the highly mechanized timber protection associations had mapped a plan of action in case of fire on that ridge. Responsible for looking after trees on a million acres, they knew that Meadow Creek was the top worry spot that season in the area.

Twenty-five minutes after the lookout had telephoned his warning, putting the all-out attack plan into motion, Chief Fire Warden Curtis was circling the column of smoke in a light plane. By then the fire had spread to nearly 40 acres.

What he saw made him thankful that bulldozers, tank trucks and men, but particularly the steel giants, were on the way.

By 5 o'clock that afternoon, 14 bulldozers, five tank trucks and 300 men, mostly from nearby logging camps, had ringed the fire. From his vantage point above, Curtis directed operations by radio, reporting spot fires which ground crews couldn't see.

By 11 o'clock that night the furious fire was securely nailed down.

Thanks to forest defenders who can strike swiftly and with power, most forest fires can be brought under control in a matter of hours. And instead of hundred-thousand-acre calamities, the loss is much less.

Typical of forest fire-fighting and in other wooded areas where machines for logging double as volunteer firemen, a bulldozer hurled the first challenge at the Meadow Creek blaze. Working on a road about half a mile away, the operator hoisted its steel blade and headed

for the smoke. By the time Curtis was circling overhead, the 'dozer was breaking a wide fire lane.

"Those bulldozers!" Curtis says admiringly, whenever the subject of forest fire fighting comes up. "Steel can take a lot more heat than a man on foot," he goes on. And then he shows you the steel plate top and sides, to protect the operator from falling snags and the worst of the heat.

Bulldozers also are impervious to the glowing ashes under their treads, since they push down hot snags that men on foot can't touch.

Team up a steel truck with a bulldozer and you have the most potent of all fire fighting teams. By themselves, tankers put out lots of fires within hose distance of the road. But often a tanker goes with a 'dozer, throwing a protective and cooling spray around the operator, making it possible for the steel blade to tear right into the hottest front.

In half a day, Curtis can have 50 bulldozers on a single fire. Give him a whole day, and he can provide a hundred.

All this is the realization of an ambition born during Curtis' smoke-chasing youth. As a 19-year-old smoke chaser, he often hiked 20 to 40 miles a day. Fires then burned for days while someone hastened along an old mining or Indian trail for help. They continued to burn while a crew arrived, footsore and fatigued. There wasn't much they could do but harass the fire a little, keep out of danger and wait for rain. Curtis vowed that if ever he had anything to say, there would be more riding and less walking.

That chance came in 1928 when he was made Chief Fire Warden. Since then, thousand-gallon tank trucks, speedy fire patrol wagons, hill-climbing jeeps equipped with two-way radios and big trucks carrying bulldozers, roll over roads that were trails or solid timber when Curtis was a boy.

Although woodsmen are accustomed to mechanized fire fighting, Curtis still springs an occasional surprise, such as that airplane of his. With a high-powered loudspeaker, known in the woods as the "Big Voice," he can talk from a plane to the ground. Anyone within a couple of miles can hear him. Curtis was up before dawn one day after a severe electrical storm looking for "sleepers"—smoldering fires that aren't readily spotted from the lookouts. Often they burn quietly for days, then cut loose. About 7 o'clock he saw one, a smoldering snag that could cause trouble if it fell into the dry slash. The nearest help was a cabin full of loggers some miles away.

"If you are in the cabin, come out," Curtis' voice boomed from the sky. "There is a fire near you!"

Once in the yard, the men looked up in amazement. Circling at about 500 feet, his speaker pointed at the men, Curtis told them to grab shovels and axes and climb into their cars. At each fork of the road, he directed them which way to turn. He told them when to park and start walking. Within half an hour, the loggers were chopping down and smothering a snag they couldn't see until they were within a hundred feet of it.

—O. A. Fitzgerald

SHORTY
JUST WHAT I NEED -- AN AFTERNOON OF REST!
THIS IS THE LIFE -- LYING HERE, DOING NOTHING!
I DON'T WANT TO EXERT MYSELF -- YOU DO ALL THE ROWING!
A BITE! WOW - SOME FISH!
HE'LL NEVER FIT IN THE BOAT WITH US!
WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO, AS LONG AS I'M ROWING THE BOAT!
SOME REST I'M GETTING, SWIMMING BACK TO SHORE!
THE END

SUPERBOY

The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY

ONE AMAZING DAY, THE QUIET AIR OF SMALLVILLE IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY THE THUNDER OF CANNON FROM AN ANCIENT FORT-- AND CATAPULTS HURL HISSING FIREBALLS THROUGH THE AIR! BUT HOW CAN AN OLD-TIME FORTRESS FANTASTICALLY COME TO LIFE IN MODERN TIMES? EVEN **SUPERBOY** IS DUMFOUNDED WHEN A QUIRK OF FATE PITS HIS SUPER-POWERS AGAINST WEAPONS OUT OF THE PAST HISTORY, IN...

THE BATTLE OF FORT SMALLVILLE

ONE MORNING IN SMALLVILLE, AS YOUNG CLARK KENT STROLLS PAST AN EMPTY LOT...

HEY, CLARK! I WAS DIGGING FOR WORMS TO GO FISHING--BUT LOOK WHAT I DISCOVERED HERE?
AN OLD STONE WALL-- AND SOME CANNONBALLS? GOSH, FREDDY--
CITY LOT FOR SALE

AFTER SOME MORE EXCITED DIGGING...

THIS EXPLAINS IT! SMALLVILLE USED TO BE AN OLD FORT, LONG BEFORE THE TOWN OF SMALLVILLE WAS BUILT OVER ITS RUINS!
WOW! LET'S TELL THE MAYOR!

WHEN THE ASTOUNDED MAYOR ARRIVES...
AMAZING! ALL RECORDS OF THIS ANCIENT FORT WERE LOST! IF ONLY WE COULD EXCAVATE AND RECONSTRUCT IT AS AN HISTORIC SHRINE... BUT THE TOWN TREASURY HAS NO SPARE FUNDS FOR SUCH A BIG JOB!
HMM... MAYBE I CAN HELP!
SLIPPING AWAY TO A SECLUDED SPOT, MILD-MANNERED CLARK KENT DOFFS THE OUTER GARMENTS THAT CONCEAL HIS SECRET IDENTITY OF --SUPERBOY!
I'LL RECONSTRUCT OLD FORT SMALLVILLE FOR THEM! THAT WAY, ALL THE KIDS IN TOWN CAN SEE A REAL FORT, JUST LIKE THE ONES THEY READ ABOUT IN THEIR HISTORY BOOKS!
BUT THE BOY OF STEEL RUNS INTO A SNAG WHEN HE OFFERS HIS SERVICES...
THAT'S VERY GENEROUS OF YOU, SUPERBOY-- BUT THE OLD RUINS EXTEND UNDER NEARBY HOMES, WHOSE LAWNS WOULD BE RUINED IF YOU DUG THEM UP!
IN THAT CASE, I'LL ELIMINATE THE DIGGING, SIR!
INSTEAD, MY X-RAY VISION WILL REVEAL THE ORIGINAL OUTLINES OF THE BURIED FORT-- SO I CAN MEMORIZE THEM AND MAKE AN EXACT REPLICA!
AFTER ROUNDING UP SCRAP MATERIAL, SUPERBOY RECONSTRUCTS THE ANCIENT FORTRESS IN RECORD TIME...
SUPER-PRESSURE MOLDS METAL INTO OLD-TIME WEAPONS!
FOR THE FINAL REALISTIC TOUCH, DUMMY PIONEER FIGHTERS WILL MAN THE PARAPETS!
UP GO THE WALLS AT SUPER-SPEED!

THE FOLLOWING DAY BEGINS WITH A GRAND DEDICATION CEREMONY.
WE'LL RAISE THIS FLAG IN HONOR OF THE BRAVE DEFENDERS OF THIS TERRITORY, WHO MADE POSSIBLE OUR SMALLVILLE OF TODAY!
YAYYY
GEE! I WONDER WHAT AN OLD-TIME BATTLE WAS REALLY LIKE? WISH WE COULD SEE THAT, TOO!
THAT'S ASKING FOR...ER.. TOO MUCH, FREDDY!
YOU'D THINK DIFFERENTLY, CLARK, IF YOU COULD ONLY LOOK AHEAD! FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT, NOT FAR AWAY...
THAT COAST GUARD PLANE IS GAINING ON US, BOSS... I MEAN COLONEL!
DON'T WORRY, MEN! MY USUAL MILITARY STRATEGY WILL OUT-FLANK THE LAW!
"COLONEL" COLBY, ECCENTRIC GANG CHIEF, USES CUNNING MILITARY METHODS FOR CRIME...
RELEASE THE SMOKE SCREEN! WE'LL DEPLOY OUT OF SIGHT! HA, HA!
BUT WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF GAS, COLONEL! WE GOTTA LAND SOON AND HOLE UP FOR A FIGHT!
AS CHANCE WILL HAVE IT, THEIR COURSE LIES DIRECTLY OVER SMALLVILLE, SO THAT...
WHAT LUCK! THAT OLD FORT THEY RECONSTRUCTED HERE IS PERFECT TO BATTLE OFF THE LAW! LAND AND CHASE THE YOKELS AWAY!
MINUTES LATER...
SCRAM! WE'RE TAKING OVER THIS FORT!
CROOKS! RUN!
GOSH--NO CHANCE FOR ME TO CHANGE HERE, IN OPEN VIEW. I'LL HAVE TO SLIP AWAY FIRST!

BUT BEFORE CLARK CAN TAKE OFF...
WE'LL HOLD THIS KID AS HOSTAGE! LISTEN, FOLKS-- DON'T SEND YOUR TOWN COPS HERE, OR THIS YOUNGSTER SUFFERS, SEE?
HEY! LET GO!
GOLLY! THEY GRABBED CLARK KENT!

UNFORTUNATELY, TO PROTECT HIS SECRET IDENTITY, CLARK (SUPERBOY) KENT MUST SUBMIT TAMELY TO CAPTURE.
GUARD THE PRISONER, LEFTY!
WHAT A SPOT! WITH A GUARD WATCHING, HOW CAN I CHANGE TO SUPERBOY, OR USE MY SUPER-POWERS TO ESCAPE? I--I'M TRAPPED!

MEANWHILE, THE MILITARY-MINDED CRIME CHIEF PREPARES THE FORT FOR BATTLE AGAINST THE LAW...
IF WE CAN HOLD OFF THE POLICE ATTACK UNTIL DARK, WE CAN MAKE A RETREAT TO THE WOODS! YOU SENTINELS STAND WATCH ON ALL SIDES, JUST LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS!

ALL THE AUTHENTIC WEAPONS OF THE FORT ARE UTILIZED...
GOOD THING WE ALWAYS CARRIED PLENTY OF NITRO TO BLOW OPEN SAFES! PRIME THOSE CANNON!.. THERE'S PLENTY OF AMMUNITION AROUND!

IN THE MEANTIME, WHERE THE "HOSTAGE" SEEKS A WAY OUT OF HIS DILEMMA...
I CAN ONLY BURST OUT OF THE WALL IF "CLARK KENT" REMAINS BEHIND! LUCKY I MADE THIS DUMMY PRISONER BEFORE...WITH SUPER-PRESSURE, I CAN RE-SHAPE IT INTO MY "TWIN"!

BUT THE GUARD TURNS UP TOO SOON:..
AHA! THOUGHT YOU COULD FOOL ME WITH THAT DUMMY, EH? WELL, I'LL SMASH IT SOON ENOUGH!
OH, NO! JUST AS I WAS READY TO MAKE MY BREAK!

ONLY ONE THING TO DO NOW... MAKE A RUN FOR IT!
HEY-- STOP! BETTER FORGET THIS DUMMY AND CHASE HIM DOWN!
OUTSIDE, HOWEVER, NO MATTER WHICH WAY CLARK RUNS...
GUARDS ALL OVER! I STILL CAN'T USE MY SUPER-POWERS UNLESS... WAIT! I'LL "DISAPPEAR" BY HIDING IN THIS CANNON!
BUT THE OLD-TIME CANNON PROVES TOO SHORT..
HAW! YOUR FEET STICK OUT AND GIVE YOU AWAY, KID! I'LL... OOPS! I--I TRIPPED!
YIPES! I--I ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED THE CIGARETTE IN THE CANNON! :GULP: TH-THAT'S THE END OF THE KID!
BOOM!
OF COURSE, NO HARM COMES TO CLARK-- BUT THE SECRET IDENTITY OF SUPERBOY IS DEFINITELY "SHOT TO PIECES!"
I--I'M SUNK! WHETHER I LAND WITHOUT A SCRATCH, OR SIMPLY FLY AWAY, THAT GUARD IS SURE TO SEE ME!
INDEED, AS CLARK REACHES EARTH...
WOW! WAIT'LL I TELL THE COLONEL ABOUT THIS!

MOMENTS LATER...
YEAH, COLONEL--WITH MY OWN EYES, I SAW THAT KID PRISONER SHOT FROM A CANNON AND LAND LIKE NOTHIN' HAPPENED!
BUT... BUT ONLY SUPERBOY COULD DO THAT! WHAT LUCK! ...EVEN IF WE'RE JAILED, THAT SECRET IS WORTH A FORTUNE TO US!
JUST THEN...
C-COLONEL... LOOK! HERE COMES SUPERBOY NOW, CHARGING THE FORT!
EH--? PERHAPS IT'S HOPELESS, BUT WE'LL TRY HOLDING HIM OFF! ALL CANNON... FIRE!
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
INSTANTLY, SUPERBOY PICKS UP A DISCARDED LAMP POST, AND...
THWACK
HOW ABOUT A FEW HOME RUNS, OVER INTO A LAKE 10 MILES OFF, WHERE THEY'LL SINK HARMLESSLY?
BUT WHY IS THE BOY OF STEEL INDULGING IN SUCH PLAYFUL TACTICS WHEN HE COULD EASILY STORM THE ANCIENT BASTION?
IF I NAB THEM NOW, THEY'LL SPILL MY SECRET IDENTITY TO THE WORLD! SO I MUST TOY WITH THEM UNTIL I CAN THINK OF SOME WAY TO COVER UP!
THUS THE BATTLE MOUNTS, LIKE A PAGE OUT OF LONG-AGO HISTORY...
WE--WE GOT NO CHANCE AGAINST SUPERBOY! WHY DON'T WE SURRENDER, COLONEL?
SURRENDER? WHY, WE AIN'T BEGUN TO FIGHT! CATAPULT... FIRE!
WHAM
6

I'LL SIMPLY CATCH ALL THESE FLYING STONES WITH MY INDESTRUCTIBLE CAPE...
... AND CRUSH THEM INTO FREE SAND FOR THIS CEMENT MIXER! BUT--GOSH... I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW TO PROVE THAT CLARK KENT WASN'T SHOT FROM THAT CANNON BEFORE!

THE BATTLE CONTINUES... BUT NO WEAPON OF THE OLD-TIME FORTRESS CAN WREAK HARM WHILE THE ONE-MAN ARMY OF SUPERBOY COUNTER-ATTACKS!
HA,HA--KEEP HIM BUSY! THOSE RAGS, SOAKED IN GASOLINE FROM OUR PLANE, MAKE A PERFECT FIREBALL!
HMM... I'LL USE SUPER-BREATH TO DOUSE THE FLAMES, AND FORM A SMOKE-MESSAGE TO THE SMALLVILLE POLICE, WHO ARE ON THEIR WAY OVER HERE RIGHT NOW!
GER

AND AS THE SUPER-SMOKE-SIGNALS DRIFT BACK...
THAT SHOULD WARN THEM OFF! MEANWHILE, I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO SAVE MY SECRET IDENTITY -- AT LAST!
DANGER! KEEP AWAY! LET ME HANDLE IT! SUPERBOY!
POLICE

CAN YOU GUESS, THEN, WHY SUPERBOY SECRETLY BORES UP INTO THE FORT FROM UNDERGROUND?...
I'LL ONLY NEED A FEW MOMENTS OF PREPARATION... THEN I CAN EXPLAIN THE WHOLE "MISUNDERSTANDING"!

WITHIN SECONDS, RETURNING SWIFTLY TO HIS BATTLE POST, **SUPERBOY** MAKES THE FINAL ASSAULT...

WITH THIS **SUPER-BATTERING RAM**, I CAN STUN THEM JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR A QUICK AND EASY CAPTURE!

SMASH

SOON... ALL RIGHT, WE SURRENDER! BUT WE'RE GONNA TELL HOW CLARK KENT SURVIVED THE CANNON SHOT, PROVING HE'S **SUPERBOY!** HA, HA!

ER... DON'T BE TOO SURE -- UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT I'M HOLDING BEHIND MY BACK!

PARTS OF THE CLARK KENT **DUMMY?** THEN THE KID FOOLED LEFTY SOMEHOW, AND STUFFED THE DUMMY IN THE CANNON -- WHILE HE HIMSELF HID ALL THE TIME!

GOSH, AM I -- I GLAD YOU FINALLY CAME, **SUPERBOY!** IT WAS REALLY CRAMPED IN HERE!

CAN YOU GUESS HOW **SUPERBOY** IS WORKING THIS CLEVER ILLUSION?

THEY DON'T KNOW I JUST MADE THESE DUMMY PARTS I'M HOLDING -- THAT THEY DIDN'T COME FROM THE **REAL** CLARK KENT "DUMMY," WHICH I NOW CONTROL WITH THESE THIN, PRACTICALLY INVISIBLE WIRES I PREPARED! SUPER-VENTRILOQUISM MAKES IT TALK!

BAH! THEN WE HAVE NO SECRET TO SPILL ABOUT CLARK KENT BEING **SUPERBOY!**

WHEW! THAT'S THAT! I'LL GET RID OF THE DUMMY BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVE FOR THE ARREST!

AND SO, AFTER A SWIFT SUPER-REPAIR JOB, **FORT SMALLVILLE** AGAIN GOES ON EXHIBIT...

GEE, WHAT A BIG THRILL, SEEING **SUPERBOY** STORM THE FORT, JUST LIKE AN OLD-TIME BATTLE!

YES, FREDDY'S WISH CAME TRUE... BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW **MY SECRET** WAS UNDER "SIEGE" ALL THE TIME!

THE END

VARSITY VIC
HENRY BOLTINOFF
I'LL PUT ANOTHER NICKLE IN THE JUKE BOX, THEN WE CAN DANCE SOME MORE!
THIS IS A NEAT RECORD!
OH-OH-NO MORE MONEY!
I'LL BE BACK IN FIVE MINUTES. I'M GOING HOME FOR SOMETHING!
GOING TO GET MORE MONEY, VIC?
AND
I BROUGHT MY OWN RECORDS AND PHONOGRAPH. NOW WE CAN DANCE ALL EVENING FOR FREE!
END